

## Those Secrets We Shared by [richiegayzier](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/F, M/M

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Dustin Henderson (mentioned), Jennifer Hayes, Mike Wheeler (Mentioned), Will Byers

**Relationships:** Jennifer Hayes & Will Byers, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2016-12-25

**Updated:** 2016-12-25

**Packaged:** 2022-04-02 00:20:09

**Rating:** General Audiences

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 962

**Publisher:** [archiveofourown.org](https://archiveofourown.org)

**Summary:**

Now here she was, standing next to the coffin of her best friend. The boys may think she liked him, but, she decides, that's okay. Because what she and Will had, no one could understand that.

## Those Secrets We Shared

### Author's Note:

Merry Christmas, you lovely people! As a little present, I've been working on this drabble inspired by a post from michaelwheeler on tumblr since 2am this morning, and I finally think it's ready! I hope you all like it...

"Wait till we tell Will Jennifer Hayes was crying at his funeral." Great, Jennifer thinks as the tears fall silently down her cheeks, her eyes red and puffy. Now Will's friends have seen me. This was never supposed to happen. If I had just stayed home... and now they think I liked Will. Which is ridiculous! Okay, it might not be that ridiculous. But I don't like Will. Will was my friend...

She had been assigned the middle seat on the second row in her Art class after arriving late on the first day of 7th grade. Right behind Will Byers. The school fairy. Jennifer didn't know why Troy had come to that assumption. Will was pretty... quiet. He was always invested in his work, especially Art. She found it amazing how he could keep his head hunched over the table for an hour and produce drawings so beautiful. One day in late September, her pencil had broken. Standing up, she'd peered down at Will's desk. He was drawing in a notebook. A drawing of himself and a boy who looked familiar yet she couldn't quite find his- Will slapped his notebook shut suddenly, becoming aware of the person hovering over him. Tears welled in the corner of his eyes and he asked to be excused, before running from the room. Jennifer couldn't help but feel she'd seen more than she was supposed to.

The bell rang about 5 minutes later and she walked slowly to where she thought she'd find him. Sure enough, sniffing could be heard from inside the boys bathroom. "Will?" The sniffing stopped, and a weak voice replied; "Yeah?" "Could..." Jennifer felt somewhat awkward like this, talking to him through a bathroom door, but she carried on. "Could you come out here?" For a moment, it was silent save the distant middle school chatter, and she was about to give up and go to Spanish. But slowly, the door creaked open, and a

snivelling boy peered out, eyes red and nose runny. He sat down against the corridor and Jennifer did the same, sliding down beside him. They sat in silence for a while, until Will spoke up. "You... you won't tell anyone right?" Jennifer shook her head slowly. She'd never dare. "It's okay Will..." "It's not okay!" He snapped, before quieting down a little. "I'm not okay. I... I don't like girls. And that's not okay." They were silent for a while, a thousand thoughts running through Jennifer's head, before finally she said something, her voice timid and soft. "I do like girls. And that's not okay." Will's eyes widened. "Really?" She scoffed, her eyes downcast to the floor.

"Don't sound so surprised, Byers. You're not the only queer in Hawkins." She looked up then, at him, and they gave each other a small smile before she sighed and rested her head on his shoulder. Anyone who would've seen them would've thought they were two straight kids with a crush. But they weren't. They were two gay kids with a crush on their own best friend.

Over the weeks following, the two of them met up almost every Geometry lesson to just talk. They'd gush about their crushes (while Jennifer was very open about who she liked, Will had never given her a name. But she was fairly certain she knew who) or just talk about over stuff. One Friday, Will had been planning to come out. To tell Mike how he felt. "What about you, Jen?" He said jokingly, nudging her shoulder. "You gonna tell Sarah?" Jennifer looked down to the floor, any remnants of a smile quickly disappearing. "I can't do that Will." "Why not? I'm telling Mike." "It's different." "How? How is it different? Come on Jen, tell me!" "It's different because everybody already knows you're gay!" She shot up then, her voice rising in frustration, before quickly covering her mouth. "Will... I'm sorry. I'm so so-" "It's fine." He tried in vain to push a believable smile back onto his face, but his voice wavered. "No, Will. It's not fine. I shouldn't have said that..." The bell rang, startling the pair. "Just... tell me how it goes. On Monday. Okay?" He seemed hesitant, but eventually he nodded. "Sure. It wasn't enough to fully convince Jen. "Promise me, Will." "I promise, Jen." With that they parted ways, both with thoughts of the coming weekend on their mind. Neither could've known how much would change between then and Monday.

After Art on Monday, Jen walked to their usual spot and sat against

the wall. News of Will's disappearance had spread round the school like wildfire; she knew he wouldn't turn up. But she went anyway, because she had to hold onto something normal. It wasn't like Will to skip school. And he'd never run away. So that just left the sinking feeling in her gut that something was very wrong. Something had happened to Will. And she felt a pang of guilt stabbing in her chest, because she had messed up with him and hadn't been able to fix it. Now he was gone. Will... he was her best friend, though she'd never admit that to anyone, least of all herself. And without him, everything just felt off. The lights in the corridor flickered, and for a moment she sweated she heard a scared, distant boy humming the lyrics of a Clash song. In the end, she summed it up to the quiet classroom chatter.

Now here she was, standing next to the coffin of her best friend. The boys may think she liked him, but, she decides, that's okay. Because what she and Will had, no one could understand that. And now it was gone...

Or so she'd think for the next few days